



The Cuban people can adopt no more fitting policy than that of destroying sugar plantations, belonging to American citizens. They are reported to threaten this, and to-day's despatches say that in two cases at least they have carried it out. As the time approaches for the assembling of our Congress the new purpose of the Cuban people, so far as the country is concerned, is to cultivate and stimulate American sympathy with their cause. Burning the property of Americans in Cuba is certainly not an effective way to accomplish this purpose.

FIREMAN SAM: "I SHALL CERTAINLY THROW COLD WATER ON THAT."

Cottolene

is the best gift of modern chemical science to the culinary art. The best cooks use it because the food prepared with it is more appetizing, healthful, and economical.

The Cottolene trade-mark are "Cottolene" and a star's head in a circle, and are on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimore.



OWNEY, THE DOG.

He Has Traveled Almost Around the World.

"Owney," the clever and popular post-office dog, has traveled over almost every postal route in North America, and tags and medals, collected from his friends along the way, amounting to a bushel or more, are kept in the Postoffice Department at Washington.

In 1895 he visited Postmaster A. B. Case, of Tacoma, Washington, having just returned from a trip to Alaska, and one day it happened that Oney rode down to the wharf of the Asiatic steamer, when the great vessel was taking her cargo.

He so plainly expressed a desire to go aboard that it was determined to send him on a flying trip around the world, and to let him break the record if possible. So, some days later, on August 19, 1895, his friends said farewell to Owney, as he walked up the gangway of the good ship Victoria. Owney had his credentials in a traveling bag, and he carried also his blanket, brush, and comb, his medal harness for full dress, and letters of introduction to the postal authorities of the world.

Owney was soon the pet of the crew, and after an uneventful voyage he arrived at Yokohama on October 3. Here his baggage was examined, with no little curiosity, by the officials, as no dog had before entered Japan who owned so many decorations that he was obliged to carry them about with him in a bag!

It was concluded that Owney must be either a dog of very high rank or the property of a distinguished person, and an account of him was promptly forwarded for the information of His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado.

A few days later an official waited upon Owney and presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Mikado. It was addressed to the American dog traveler and in a very flowery language extended him the freedom of the interior country. There were some stipulations. "The bearer is expressly cautioned to observe in every particular the directions of the Japanese government printed on the back of the passport, and he is expected and required to conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner toward the Japanese authorities and people." The passport also forbade him to "attend a fire on horseback," warned him not to write "on temples, shrines or walls," and politely requested him not to "drive too fast on narrow roads."

After meeting many officials, Owney sailed from Yokohama, arriving at Kobi on October 1, where he received medals and a new passport from the emperor. He was at Maji, Shanghai and Foochow, where also he received more medals and was the subject of an ovation. His fame had preceded him, and at the latter port he received an invitation to visit the United States steamer "Detroit," which was lying in the harbor.

One day the marine at the gangway of this fine man-of-war was astonished to see a bearded shaggy dog come up the ladder wagging his tail and showing all the delight that a patriotic American should at the sight in foreign lands of the Stars and Stripes. The marine almost laughed as Owney stepped aboard and ran up to the officer of the deck as though he had known him all of his life. Owney dined in the mess room, ate plum pudding and lobscouse before the mast. When he bade his countrymen farewell he was decorated with the ship's ribbon and received a letter of introduction to other officers of the Asiatic squadron. From Foo Chow the dog sailed to Hong Kong, where he was unfortunately delayed and prevented from making a speed record around the world. He visited the consulate, made a round of visits to the rich tea and silk merchants and received many curious pieces of Chinese money, which were strung to his collar. From

the emperor of China Owney received a passport bearing the royal crest and dragon, permitting him to travel in the country. But Owney did not go beyond the city, and Captain Panton, of the Victoria, finally took the dog-traveler back to Kobi, Japan, from which port he finally sailed to New York, as the guest of Captain Grant, of the steamer "Port Phillip."

Owney knew all on board, and, as on the Victoria, was a member of both star-board and port watches, and dined in the cabin and before the mast with equal satisfaction.

At Singapore Owney went ashore with an officer, to the wonderment of the natives, who, noting his decorations, concluded he was a personage of high rank. On November 30 Owney sailed from Port Said and on the trip he attracted no little attention from passing vessels and from postal authorities. Some of the clerks gave Owney medals. Finally Algiers was reached and the shipping port visited, where Turks, Nubians and others looked upon Owney with amazement. They heaped his decorations, and some, though perhaps they did not understand just why, fastened to his collar medals which were thus sent to the American people. On December 13 Owney reached St. Michaels, the beautiful port of the Azores, spending a few hours there.

The trip from Azores across the Atlantic was a rough one, but finally the look-out on the Port Phillips was sighted, and the custom house officers decided that Owney's great collection of medals and tags, though representing a large amount of metal, was personal baggage and so passed it.

Owney arrived in New York December 23, at noon. He was taken immediately to the postoffice, and after a short reception by his many friends, started again by the New York Central for Tacoma, which he reached five days later, having completed the circuit of the globe in 132 days—a rapid rate of traveling for a dog who attracted so much attention. Owney was visited by hundreds, young and old, and so universal was the demand to see him that Postmaster Case placed him on exhibition in a public hall, and people for miles around made his acquaintance.

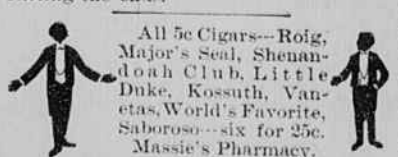
At the end of his trip Owney had over 200 tags, medals and certificates to add to his collection, and he is to-day, in all probability, the best known and the most universally popular dog in the world.

HAS A MUSTACHE, YET ONLY 14 YEARS.

Ed. Jenkins is a fourteen-year-old boy living in Garret county, Ky., whose claim to distinction is based on the fact that he has a fully developed mustache that many a man of thirty would be proud to boast.

The boy was hardly ten years old when the fur began to sprout on the upper lip. Contrary to the usage of boys, he did not encourage its growth by surreptitiously shaving. He never put a razor to his face, but the hair needed no encouragement, and continued to grow and become darker until the mustache was thick and long.

The remarkable feature is that the boy is not particularly developed beyond his years in any other way. He is not above the average in height or weight. He still wears knee pants, and it is a queer sight to see him fumbling at his mustache and curling the ends.



All 5c Cigars—Roig, Major's Seal, Shenandoah Club, Little Duke, Kossuth, Vanetas, World's Favorite, Sabroso—six for 25c. Massie's Pharmacy.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The Sterling wheel fills the bill. Yost-Forrer Co. sell it.

NAKED SAVAGES TO GO BICYCLING.

The native savages of the south Pacific islands are to taste the delights of cycling. Oscar Pomare, prince of the Island of BoraBora (one of the largest of the Society group), having been educated in Europe and learned to cycle himself, is returning with a dozen machines, which he intends to introduce among the aristocracy of BoraBora, to whom he will set the fashion as a wheelman. Here is an idea for the unenterprising British trader. If the nigger will not buy our cotton goods and blankets as much as before, and looks askance upon our offers of cheap Bibles and hymn books, perhaps he will buy our machines. If the subject of cycling craze, what food and fibre might be obtained in exchange for a few pneumatic tires! It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that Prince Pomare is not taking English machines out with him. His wheels are of the American make.—St. James Budget.

SHOT HER NEGRO ASSAILANT.

Miss Florence Wright, who lives at Brinkley, Ark., went out for a walk just outside of the town at 10 o'clock Monday night. She took her father's pistol with her to protect herself from the dogs that infest the neighborhood, which is thickly settled. She had gone but a short distance when she was attacked by Godfrey Gould, a big negro. She resisted and drew her pistol, with which she threatened to shoot her assailant. The negro took the weapon from her, and taking her in his arms, carried her into the woods. Seeing the butt of the revolver sticking from her assailant's hip pocket, the girl snatched it and shot him in the head, bursting out his right eye. The brute jumped up and ran away. The authorities were notified and about an hour afterwards Sheriff Johnson and a posse found Gould about fifty yards away from the scene of the attempted assault lying in an unconscious condition and dying.

Miss Wright was taken to where the negro lay, that she might identify him. As soon as she saw him she became wild with anger, and tore a pistol from the hands of the sheriff and fired another bullet at the dying fiend, which missed its mark.

HARDER THAN DIAMOND.

M. Mossan, a French scientist, has discovered a substance harder than diamond, in the form of a compound of carbon and boron, produced by heating boric acid and carbon in an electric furnace at a temperature of 5,000 degrees. This compound is black, and not unlike graphite in appearance and it appears likely to supersede diamonds for boring rocks, cutting glass and other industrial purposes. It will even cut diamonds without difficulty and can be produced of any required size.

ADVICE FOR WAGE EARNERS.

A dinner should be chosen with care in the summer months, especially by those in moderate circumstances, whose income is dependent on their health. Wines and vegetables should be in sympathy with the meat. Thus with epigrammes de pigeonaux drink claret and eat black Hamburg grapes; with venison take dry champagne, melon and French beans; with ortolans, chateau Yquem; with artichaux a la barigoule, tokay. These necessities may seem trivial to a man with vast appetite and uncultured palate, but they give sweetness and light to the banquet; they are the results of a subtle and recondite chemistry which renders impossible both indigestion and dissatisfaction.—Boston Journal.

WHY SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"Do you know, my dear," said Mr. Cumso to his wife, "that a floating ship weighs exactly the same as the water it displaces?"

"No; does it?" replied Mrs. Cumso. "Yes. That is one of the fundamental principles of navigation."

"But, John, there is one thing about it that I don't understand."

"How do the shipbuilders know how much water the ship will displace, so as to tell how heavy to make the ship?"—Harper's Bazar.

A GOSSIP'S INFERENCE.

"I had always understood that the late Mr. Wellington was a man of considerable property."

"Wasn't he?"

"He couldn't have been. I haven't heard of any steps to contest his will."—Washington Star.

UNSELFISHNESS.

Mrs. Styles—Does your husband keep abreast of the times?

Mrs. Boardman—Well, I don't know so much about that, but every time he does the carving, I do know, he keeps abreast of the chicken.—Yonkers Statesman.

Solid comfort. That lawn swing at Yost-Forrer's.

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

Wm. S. Loomis, Shreveport, La.

Our Book on the Disease and its Treatment mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WIFE OR BICYCLE?

The Problem Which Confronted an Impetuous Chicago Youth.

"It's a serious problem," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"What is it?" demanded the older man, anxious to give the younger man the benefit of that wisdom that comes only with years.

"Why, you see, I've been intending to get married," explained the young man.

"That is a serious matter," admitted the older man.

"Not at all," returned the young man, promptly. "It isn't the question of marriage alone that bothers me, but a question of comparative values."

"I don't believe I quite understand," said the older man.

"Why, it's just this way," continued the young man. "I have my wife all picked out and everything fixed for the wedding, and I thought it was all settled last night, but to-day along comes a fellow who offers me a bicycle at a bargain, and I'm sort of troubled about it. I can't afford a wife and a bicycle, and I don't seem to be able to make up my mind which I want more. The wife's the little the cheapest in the start, but in the long run she will cost more'n a bicycle; and yet—and yet—"

"Well!"

"I can't help thinking that a good wife will last longer than a good bicycle, if you keep away from South Dakota and Oklahoma. Suppose you had only \$85 and a chance to get a bicycle or a wife, which would you get?"

"I think the price of bicycles will fall first," said the older man.

"I guess that's right," returned the young man. "I'll stand a better chance of getting a good bicycle for \$85 next year than I will a good wife. I guess I'll stick to the girl."—Chicago Post.

MAN VERSUS WOMAN.

Physically, men have the indisputable superiority in strength, and women in beauty. Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied, when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position, even in music or painting, for the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael or a female Handel as a female Shakespeare or Newton. Morally, the general superiority of women over men is, I think, unquestionable. If we take the somewhat coarse and inadequate criterion of police statistics, we find that while the male and female populations are nearly the same in number, the crimes committed by men are usually rather more than five times as numerous as those committed by women. Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character, and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasures of another. There are two great departments of virtue—the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions, and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty, and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater; they are more chaste, both in thought and action; more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them.—William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

NATURALLY INTERESTED.

"I'd like to see them bar me from a restaurant," said the girl in bloomers.

"Would you fight?" asked the girl in a street gown.

"I'd carry the case to the highest court in the land," returned the girl in bloomers.

"I wish you would," replied the girl in the street gown.

"Why, would you wear bloomers, too?"

"Oh, no; I'd wear rights. I'm in the theatrical line, and I hate to change my clothes between the matinee and the evening performance Saturdays."—Chicago Evening Post.

CHURCH BUILT OF PAVING STONES.

The congregation of the Bay Ridge (Brooklyn) Reformed Church is having erected a handsome edifice at 2d avenue and 89th street. The material being used is old granite paving stones, which makes a substantial structure and presents an unique appearance. F. S. Sanford is the chairman of the building committee. A. B. Jennings, of New York, is the architect. The new church building will cost \$50,000.—New York Journal.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Massie's Pharmacy, 109 Jefferson street, Roanoke.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping-cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by the Chas. Lyle Drug Co.

That Columbia Surrey is a daisy. Two more sold yesterday by Yost-Forrer Co.

For peach crates go to Catogni Bros.

BUGS OF BOTH METALS.

TROPICAL INSECTS THAT TRULY RESEMBLE SILVER AND GOLD.

Melted by the Ignorant—A Superstitious Story That Genuine Metal Can Be Extracted From the Bugs is Still Current in Europe—The Golden Rosechafer of Metallic Luster.

What is all this talk about golden bugs, silver bugs, and straddle bugs? Are there any such creatures in the insect world? The answer is, decidedly, yes. There are several species of bugs which are reputed to contain considerable quantities of gold and silver. On account of this belief, people sometimes gather them and melt them. The most popular gold-producing insect is the golden rosechafer, which is known to science as *Cetonia aurata*. It is a very handsome yellow beetle, with a metallic luster, about as big as the end of a man's thumb.

But the most remarkable gold bugs in the world are found in Central America. They belong to the genus *Plusiotis*, and one might easily imagine a specimen to be the work of some clever artificer in metal. The head and wing-cases are brilliantly polished, with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of metal, and it is hard to realize that the creature is a mere animal. Oddly enough, there is another species of *Plusiotis*, from the same region, which has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished.

These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from \$25 to \$50 each. The finest collection of them in existence to-day is owned by Walter Rothschild, of the English banking firm. Though a young man, only twenty-five years of age, he has already spent \$200,000 on beetles. Every year he sends two men to Central America to gather beetles. One of the most beautiful bugs in the world is a small beetle known to science as the "blue Hoplia." Its back is an exquisite iridescent sky-blue, and the under part of its body is of a bright silver hue. The notion that it contains silver is widely entertained, and attempts have frequently been made to extract silver from it.

One of Napoleon's marshals, by the way, was a great collector of insects. His name was Dejean, and he was reputed the handsomest man of his time. He provided every soldier in one of his regiments with a helmet that contained in its top a piece of cork. The men were instructed, when on the march, to keep a sharp lookout for beetles, and, whenever they found one, to stick it in their helmets with a pin. Dejean made a greater reputation as an entomologist than as a military leader, and, when he died in 1849, he left behind him a collection of 30,000 species of beetles—the largest collection at that time in the world. This collection was scattered by sale, a considerable part of it being purchased by an enthusiast in the same line named Oberthur. Oberthur is still living. He and his brother, who is a collector of butterflies, have a chateau at Rennes filled with insects.

In parts of Europe the ignorant people are confident in their belief that the so-called "silversmith" contains more or less precious metal. It looks like a big June bug, its color being between silver and gold. For both of these metals it has been melted many and many a time. Formerly it was supposed to be quite a rarity, so that a specimen was worth \$5 or more. But it was discovered a few years ago that this beautiful beetle was very common in cottonwood trees, on the leaves of which it feeds, and it is cheap enough now. If you know where such trees are to be found, you may gather hundreds of the "silversmiths" in a day. It used to be commonly believed that these insects lived exclusively in chimneys, and happy was the householder who chanced upon one, for it was supposed to bring good luck and the promise of wealth.

The notion of extracting gold and silver from insects seems to be of very ancient origin. When people fail in the process, they are convinced usually that there was something wrong with the method employed. In Mexico the natives believe that the surest way to find a gold or silver mine is to watch a gold or silver beetle and follow it. Painstakingly pursued, it is almost sure to lead the seeker to the deposit of precious metal, or mayhap to a buried treasure.

Thus far only gold bugs and silver bugs have been discussed; the straddle bugs remain to be considered. This is not so easy, because there is an extraordinary number of species. One European collector has succeeded in getting together 22,000 species of straddle bugs. The straddle bugs are dung beetles; they are the little fellows who roll balls of animal excrement and lay their eggs in them. When the eggs are hatched the young larvae feed on the material of the ball until they are able to take care of themselves. Some of the straddle bugs have huge horns and are very queer-looking creatures indeed.—Washington Post.

CONDENSED TESTIMONY.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Worth, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a Cough of two years standing, caused by La Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 222 E. 25th street, Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of Croup, because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at Massie's Pharmacy.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea, but kept getting worse. I sent him the same remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by the Chas. Lyle Drug Co.



In curing consumption there's nothing like taking Time by the forelock. Doctors say consumption can't be cured; they have arguments to prove it. But when they see it cured right under their face and eyes by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, they admit that there's something wrong about their arguments and something wonderful about the "Discovery." It isn't miraculous. It won't cure every case; but it cures a surprisingly large percentage of cases, even when the patient is pretty far gone with a bad cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and reduced almost to a shadow. Consumption is a blood disease. The lungs want a fresh supply of pure rich blood and plenty of it; that is what the "Golden Medical Discovery" gives them. It is a blood-maker. It gives the blood-making functions power to produce a large quantity of the nourishing red corpuscles which make healthy life-giving blood. This stops the wasting; drives out the impurities; heals the ulceration and begins a rapid building-up process, of solid, substantial flesh and vital energy.

It isn't only consumptives who need the "Discovery." It cures every form of chronic blood-disease and all scrofulous and eruptive affections.

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland County, N. Y., writes: "For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart-disease. Before taking Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. Step by step, the signs and realities of returning health slowly but surely developed themselves while taking the 'Discovery.' Today I tip the scales at one hundred and eighty-seven, and am well and strong. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has also cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success we purchased three bottles of your 'Discovery' which healed it perfectly." Yours truly,

Isaac E. Downs

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